

What idol, graven images you bend
your wicked knees to.

But why should I of evil dream
will knowing at your head goes,
That flower of Christian womanhood,
our dear good Anna Meadows;

She'll be chaste, I'm sure, although
once in a fit romantic
She flung the Doge's bridal ring, and
married the Atlantic,

And, spite of all appearances, like
the woman in a shoe,

She's got so many Young Folks now
She don't know what to do.

But I must say I think it strange
that thee and Mrs. Spalding
whose lives with Calvin's five-railled crew
have been so tightly walled in
Should quit your Puritanic homes
and take the pains to go

So far, with malice aforethought,
to walk in a vain show.

Did Emmons hunt for pictures?

Was Jonathan Edwards peeping
Into the chambers of misery with
maids for ⁺Samuel weeping?

Ah well! The times are sadly
changed, and I myself am feeling
The wicked world my Quaker
coat from off my shoulders peeling.
God grant that in the strange new
sea of change wherein we swim
We still may keep the good old plank
of simple faith in Him!

P.S. My housekeeper's got the "hissick"
and gone away, and Lissie
is at home for the vacation with
founce and trimmings busy.
The snow lies white about us. The
birds again are dumb.
The lying blue-frocked rascals that
told us Spring had come;
But in the wood of Folly mill the
sweet May flowers are making
All ready for the moment of Nature's
glad awaking.
Come when they come; thine welcome
share; except when at the City
For months I've scarce seen woman-
kind, save when in sheerest pity,
Gail Hamilton came up beside
my lonely hearth to sit,

And make the Winter evening glad
With wisdom and with wit,
And fancy feeling but the spur, and
Not the curbing bit;
Lending a womanly charm to what
Before was bachelor rudeness,
The Lord reward her for an act
Of disinterested goodness!
And now, with love to Mrs. F. and
Mrs. S. God bless her!
And hoping that my foolish rhyme
May not be a transgression,
And wishing, for your sake and mine,
It milder were, and better;
I leave it, and subscribe myself
Thy old friend,
John G. Whittier.

Mrs. J. T. Fields had invited Miss Lucy Lacombe
to come with any friend and see a collection
of pre Raphaelite pictures brought by her Sister,
Miss Adams from Italy. Miss Lacombe knew that Mr
Whittier was intending to go to Boston soon, as she
asked him if he would like to see the pictures at
home. The return mail brought the answer copied above.
"Anna Meadows" was the nomme de plume of Mrs. Fields. J. T.
Fields was Editor of the "Atlantic" & "Young Ladies". "Lizzie" was
the niece of Mr Whittier then at school, now Mrs. Pickard.